



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &c.

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SELECT TALES.

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The Daughter.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Continued.]

In the afternoon of the third day after Harry Blair's arrival, Grace went to the foot of the nearest hill to gather flowers for her parlor. After collecting a quantity of violets from a grassy knoll, she was attracted by a wild cherry-tree a little farther up the steep. She clambered to it, and was breaking off some snowy blossoms, when a stone came rolling down the hill, and lodged in a bush close by her side. Startled from her employment, Grace looked up, and saw James Hinman standing just above her. He sprang to her side, and in his smooth, silky manner, apologized for not having called, as he had promised, to receive her answer to his proposals. Grace, at first, felt something like alarm at his sudden appearance; but, collecting her thoughts, she mildly but firmly refused the hand which had been confidently offered her on the day of the shower. Hinman stood for a moment, after she had done speaking, evidently striving to subdue some strong passion, struggling for utterance.

'I hope I am not to consider this answer as decisive,' he at length said, in a constrained voice.

'I can give no other now, or ever,' replied Grace firmly.

'I know to whom I must impute this refusal!' said he, suddenly giving loose to his anger; then, moving fiercely a step forward, he seized Grace by the wrist, and fixing his gleaming eyes on her face, said—'Grace Suthgate, tell me, word for word what that upstart, Blair, said of me last Monday afternoon.'

The poor girl trembled and turned pale, for the expression of his face was savage; but before she could answer, the bushes above them were rudely parted, and her cousin, with a vigorous bound, planted himself, face to face, with her assailant.

'A villain' he exclaimed, seizing him by

the collar, and shaking him, as if he were an infant in his hands, 'a villain I said you were that,' he repeated, just as Hinman drew his hand back to give him a blow.

Blair saw the motion, and with a dexterous movement, lifted the wretch from his feet, and hurled him down the hill. The descent was not above seven feet, but he rolled some distance into the meadow, so powerful was the impetus given. For a moment, he lay as one dead;—then, slowly rising, he came close to the brink of the underwood. His face was ashy pale, a slight foam was on his lips, and his eyes gleamed like those of a rattlesnake. He shook his clenched hand at Blair, who was supporting the frightened maiden, and said, in a low hissing voice, that sounded scarcely human, 'Henry Blair, I will be revenged!' then he turned, and passing along the skirts of the hill, went up the road which led to his father's house.

The next six weeks had its history, but we shall not record it, holding it almost sacrilege to lay bare the workings of a heart so pure as that of Grace Suthgate. It was an epoch in the history of her feeling; she was sad, she knew not why, and thrillingly happy, without studying the cause. The gentle girl loved her cousin, Henry Blair,—nor had she, 'unsought been won.'

One glorious morning, when the hills were vocal with bird songs, and every thing rejoiced in the sun-light, Mr. Suthgate and Henry Blair equipped themselves for a day's shooting among the hills. While his uncle was preparing the shot-bags and powder flasks, the young man joined Grace, who was trying to fasten up a honeysuckle, which had been broken down by the weight of its own luxuriance, and now lay trailing its red blossoms in the grass.

'Cousin,' said Henry, as he stood half concealed by the mass of foliage he was holding up for her to secure, 'Cousin, you know what we were speaking of last night; may I mention the subject to your father, while we are away?'

Grace began to tremble—the knot she was

tying slipped, and down came the honeysuckle, with all its wreath of blossoms, on the suppliant's head. Grace laughed and blushed, and tried to extricate him; but somehow, as her hands wandered among the leaves, one of them was taken prisoner.

'Say yes, or I will never forgive you,' exclaimed Henry, with a voice broken with laughter. The little hand struggled to free itself. He began to grow serious. The girl hesitated, and blushed deeper than before. She was glad that he could not see her, as she uttered the required monosyllable;—while he, the rogue, had his sparkling eyes fixed on her all the while, from an opening in the blossoms.

There never was a happier fellow than Henry Blair, as he shouldered his gun that morning, and followed his uncle to the hills, but Grace was a little nervous all day. She did not doubt that her father would sanction the proposal her cousin had made her, still there was an uneasy flutter at her heart, which left her cheeks in a continued glow, when she thought of their return. She had just finished her preparations for tea, when James Hinman abruptly entered the house. He too had evidently been on the hills, for a shot-bag was slung across his breast, and he held a rifle in his hand. Grace had not spoken to him since his affray with her cousin, and was naturally a little terrified at his appearance. He smiled scornfully, as he observed her pallid cheek:—and, sitting down his gun, stood directly before her.

'Grace Suthgate,' he said in a bitter tone, 'I have come to ask you for the last time—will you marry me?'

'I have answered that question, when more mildly propounded, replied the maiden, with dignity; 'and, though your manner does not deserve that even a refusal should be repeated, I again say, that I never will.'

Hinman broke into a low mocking laugh.

'You did not answer Blair thus,' he said, fixing his malicious eyes on her for a moment; then, taking up his rifle, he left the house as abruptly as he had entered it.

Grace was slightly terrified, but she was

ignorant of the length of evil to which the human heart may go, and soon regained her composure. Her tea was ready; and, with a house-keeper's anxiety, she seated herself by the window, to watch for the return of the sportsman. A foot path wound down the opposite hill, and the body of a large tree formed a rustic bridge across the river, connecting that path with one leading to the house. She had been watching for some time, when the objects of her solicitude appeared. They were some distance apart; one stood on a rock near the foot of the hill, and the other occupied a projection a little to the right. Both were preparing to discharge their pieces. Grace supposed the one on the rock to be her cousin, as he wore the fur cap which had distinguished Blair in the morning; the other, she had no doubt, was her father. She saw him lift his rifle to his shoulder; but, while he was settling his aim, a bird fluttered by the window, and diverted her attention. That moment came the loud report of the discharged rifle, followed by a sharp cry. Grace sprang to her feet, and saw her cousin stagger back, reel to and fro for a moment, and then fall heavily from the rock. The poor girl stood still, as if death had frozen her to marble, the blood ran cold in her veins, her eyes were fixed in horror on the body, and it seemed as if she could hear the crackling of the brushwood as it rolled slowly down the hill, almost to the brink of the river. It lay motionless—the white lips of the poor girl parted—she drew a long sobbing breath, and sprang forward. Her feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, as she passed through the meadow, and then darted over the rude log that spanned the river. The body lay a few paces farther on. Blood was on the clothes, and several drops stained one of his hands, which fell loose and nerveless on the grass. One step more, and she saw the face—it was her father's! Harry Blair was bending over him—his face was deadly pale, his limbs shook, and he was making ineffectual attempts to open the vest of the prostrate man. A little back, stood James Hinman. He too was pale, and seemed much agitated. A desperate calmness came over the orphan—she stooped down, and laid her hand on the heart of her parent—there was no motion. 'He is dead' dropped in measured words from her marble lips, and still she gazed on. Suddenly she stood upright, and looking wildly from Blair to Hinman, exclaimed, 'One of you killed him?' then, stepping before the latter, she fixed her keen look on him, and said—'James Hinman, it was you!'

Hinman shrunk back, and turned pale, but still found words to deny the charge.

'Do not deny the crime—do not—I saw it all;—the gun was lifted, even while I looked;—you stood there, by that blasted tree.'

'There is the murderer,' said Hinman, pointing to Blair, who sat on a fragment of rock by the body, with his face buried in his hands, through which tears were gushing, broken by convulsive sobs, while his whole frame was shaken with terrible anguish.

Even at that fearful moment, there was a gleam of satisfaction in Hinman's eye. Grace made no answer—the stony calmness of her features relaxed, and she fell senseless at the feet of her murdered father.

The horror-stricken group were seen by two men passing toward the village, who assisted in conveying the dead body to the house. As they were about to bear it away, old Hinman joined them; his strength seemed entirely to have left him, and without speaking a word, he stood gazing wildly at the corpse, as it was carried with difficulty across the foot bridge. With a heavy groan, he turned to the insensible girl, and attempted to raise her in his arms; but so completely was his great strength prostrated, that he tottered under the light form, which a few minutes before would have been to him but as an infant. His son made a motion, as if to assist him. The old man turned fiercely, the blood of hot anger rushed into his swarthy cheek, and he pushed the wretch back, exclaiming in a deep threatening voice, 'Dare to lay your hands on the poor lamb, and I'll level you as I would a fat ox!'—then laying the pale head of the fainting girl on his shoulder, he folded her to his broad chest, very tenderly, and bore her over the log bridge, to the house.

James Hinman remained for a moment, with an expression of doubt and alarm in his face. 'Could it be—has he?—but no, no—the fear is preposterous—he must have seen us from the meadow,' he muttered; and then, advancing to Blair, who still sat on the rock, stupified with horror, he lightly touched his shoulder, and, in a smooth, hypocritical voice, said, 'All are out of sight—now, Blair is the time to save yourself.'

The poor heart broken youth raised his face pale and collapsed with agony; his eyes fell on the spot where the corpse had been; the grass was trampled and matted down with blood;—shuddering, he buried his face again in his hands, and said, in a voice of hopeless misery, 'Do you wish for more?—am I not a murderer?'

'True,' replied Hinman, anxiously, 'but look to your own safety—there is yet time for escape.'

Blair dropped his hands slowly from his face, and his dim eyes met the anxious look of his persuader, with an expression of heart broken misery, that appalled and softened even him, and his voice had something of true feeling in its tones, as he strove to persuade him from the spot. The sufferer

seemed not to comprehend his object, and it would seem that no definite wish to escape actuated him, though he arose, and staggered a few paces forward. He would have fallen, but that Hinman caught him by the arm.

'Yes, help me—hold me up—I am weak and heart sick,' he murmured, leaning heavily on the shoulder of his supporter.

Hinman looked anxiously toward the house. One of the men was mounting his horse, 'Look,' he exclaimed, pointing toward the village—'it will soon be too late—go with me, I will secrete you till night.' He threw his arms around Blair, and strove to draw him from the place of death; but the intellect of the sufferer seemed bound up in one idea only.

'He was dead, I know it—quite dead—I shot him—is it not enough?' he continued to repeat, without moving a step, while his weight fell heavier and heavier on his companion.

'Go with me, I entreat,' exclaimed Hinman, impatiently; then hoping to arouse him, he added, 'It might have been the loss of blood—he may not be dead.'

These words had their effect—Blair started upright, drew a quick, gasping breath, and walked rapidly toward the house.

Hinman followed him to the brink of the river, and vehemently entreated him to return, and not to run headlong into danger. Blair paid no attention, but moved toward the house. The baffled villain uttered an execration, stood irresolute for a moment, and then followed him, muttering, 'The fool! will force me too far—I would not have a trial; but, if he will run headlong, let him take the worst.'

Old Hinman bore the senseless Grace to her chamber, and, laying her on the bed, chafed her cold hands in his hard palms, poured water over her face, and strove, by every means in his power to restore her to consciousness. It was in vain; cold and marble-like, she lay on the white counterpane, with the water drops rolling from her cheeks and polished forehead, coldly, as if they were dripping from chiseled stone, while her whole frame seemed stiffening in death. It was more than a common fainting fit, which bound the faculties, and chilled the frame of poor Grace Suthgate.

'It's of no use,' said Mr. Hinman, and his words came chokingly from his throat; 'It's of no use—I'm afeared she's dead, and I don't know but it will be a mercy if she is, poor fatherless and motherless creature—I'll go home and send my woman or Nancy—poor Nancy—it'll almost kill her;' and laying the little hand he had been chafing, softly on the bosom of the orphan, he removed the black ringlets which lay wet and uncured from off her face, and turned away.

When Nancy Hinman entered the chamber of her wretched friend, she found her sitting upon the bed, her eyes fixed on the opposite window, and her features still settled in a death-like calm. Nancy, who had never seen grief expressed but by tears, was surprised at her seeming resignation, and while the drops gathered in her own bright eyes, she threw her arms about the sufferer, whispering, 'Oh Grace, dear Grace you can't tell how I feel for you.'

There was no answer, no motion in the sufferer.

'Grace, oh Grace, you are cruel!—wont you take notice of me!—what have I done that you wont speak?'

'Hush, hush! not so loud, you disturb me—I know you, I know you all, but it hurts me to speak—open the window—I want the air—my breath pains me,' whispered the mourner, but without turning her eyes, or moving a limb.

Nancy raised the sash, and seated herself beside it. She saw Grace press her hand to her forehead; and, after a few moments, sink back to her pillow. She was uncertain whether she slept or not; but for four long hours, there was no word spoken between them. The sun was down—its tints of gold died slowly from the horizon—the stars came out in their splendor—the moon rose as it had done the preceding night—all without remained the same;—and yet, in that house, there was not a heart which had not been changed, as with years of sorrow. How insignificant we are! The very flowers we tread upon, bloom as sweetly, when our hearts are broken, as when the music of happiness is thrilling through them. The moonlight falls alike on the lovers in their bower, and the widow by the tomb of her husband. But, oh! how different are its effects! To the first, it is the deepener of joy; to the other, a mockery of sorrow. Our hearts are stricken, withered, blasted, while the rose bursts its germ, and smiles itself out of life; yet the world goes on, as heedless of our agony, as of its fallen leaves. We die, a few tears are dropped, a few moans are made—the heart which our hearts clung to, droop for an hour, and this is all. No other thing in nature is disturbed, save the few green clouds, which are torn to admit us to the bosom of the earth. The waves of time roll over our empty places and all things are as if we had never been. Alas! how insignificant we are!

It was late when the hum of voices, which had ascended from below, all the evening, died away. One by one, the people from the neighboring village departed, and Nancy Hinman, sad almost for the first time in her life, sat alone by the little window of her friend's chamber.—As the clattering of the last departing horse died on the air, she arose, and

went to the bed side of the sufferer. She lay still as if asleep. Her eyes were closed, but there was a tremulous motion in the shadowy lashes sweeping her cheek, and a working of her features, as the moonbeams lay full upon them, which would have disproved all appearance of recent slumber, had Nancy Hinman been a close observer. She—kind girl—bent down and kissed the pale forehead of the mourner, wept over her for a time, and then stole softly back to her seat, where she soon dropped into a heavy slumber.

As the young girl lay with her arms folded on the window-sill, her bright cheeks pillowed upon them, and her frank brow exposed, by her curls, as the night wind lifted them playfully from her temples, Grace arose and stole softly from the room. The poor girl had been awake, listening to the voices from below, as a culprit within sound of the hammers which rivet his scaffold. A thin partition only divided her from the women who were making her father's shroud. She heard them consult on the form and measurement; she heard Mrs. Hinman caution them to speak softly, that they might not disturb her; she knew, by the bustle, when those below were laying out the dead; and yet she did not move, nor uncloze her aching eyes—but lay four long hours, with her intellect quickened to painful acuteness, and her heart cramping within her, like a thing of distinct life. When all was still, and her young watcher asleep, she stole down to mourn by the dead. She passed through the kitchen; two men were stretched along the chairs asleep, while another sat in a shadowy corner, with his face turned toward the wall. Grace was too wretched to notice them, and glided unseen to the parlor. She opened the door, and the corpse of her father lay before her. The face was uncovered; the grave clothes glimmered in the dim light, and were slightly rustled by a current of air, which swept over a honeysuckle at an open sash, and filled the room with fragrance. The poor orphan's heart grew faint; it was the same vine she had nailed to the casement in the morning. The dewy blossoms she had trifled with then, were now breaking the moonlight, as it trembled through them, and flickered over the face of the dead.—Slowly the orphan advanced; she started, and her heart leaped within her, for the light quivering over the face of the corpse gave it the appearance of life. She bent her cheek; it met one cold and stiffened; her heart contracted itself again. She sunk on her knees, and strove to pray.—Her throat was dry and agony almost choked her. With locked hands, and large drops breaking over her upturned brow, she struggled for words of prayer. A painful effort, and they broke from her lips:—'Oh God! oh God! help me to bear this mine affliction.' Straightway

warm tears rushed to her eyes, the grasp of agony was taken from her heart, and she wept freely. Long and holy was the communion Grace Suthgate held with her God, there, by her father's death-couch. Her heart was pervaded with a sweet and invisible influence; a calm, blessed feeling, such as human pen can never describe, took possession of her spirit; and she, who had knelt down in her agony, arose resigned—nay, happy. The light was still on her father's face, and a smile, pure and holy, such as his mortal lips had never known, lay like a promise of heaven upon it. Grace stooped, and pressed her lips to the cold clay. As she raised her head, another shadow fell athwart the corpse. It was her cousin who stood before her. Very pale he was, and his countenance looked solemn and death-like, in the dim light. Grace moved not, nor shrunk as he laid his cold hand on hers. She knew that he had killed her father;—but she knew also, that his will had no part in the deed. He spoke, and his voice was low and very mournful.

'I did not think to find you here—they told me you were ill—I came to look on the dead, while my keepers slept—to-morrow, I go to be tried for his murder—you cannot think me guilty of an intent to kill your father, Grace.'

'No,' replied the orphan, 'no—could you be here, by his side, had you harbored a thought of murder?'

'I thank you—from my broken heart I thank you,' said he, trembling violently and leaning against the window frame for support.

As his hand grasped the casement, it crushed a flowering branch of the honeysuckle, which had fallen in at the open sash. He raised his hand, and carefully removed the bruised flowers; and when he looked up, his eyes were full of tears.

'They are fresh and blooming yet—a day has not withered them,' he said, in a sorrowful voice, accompanied by one of those painful smiles which spring from the very dregs of misery; then, with a sudden gesture of despair, he turned to the body outstretched before him, and exclaimed, with a burst of bitter feeling, 'Oh Grace, Grace! can this be real?—parted forever;—you fatherless—I—I—a murderer!—and all in a few hours. This morning—but this morning—and we stood there, so happy, so full of hope—oh, my God! why was I permitted to work all this woe?'

Grace laid her hand on his. She yielded to none of the regretful thoughts which crowded to her heart. It is not the nature of prayer to strengthen the soul for a time, as does human resolution, and then lay it bare again to the ravages of the passions. No!—faith and resignation may need guarding, but their strength is equal to the need of their posses-

sor. Grace, I have said, placed her hand on that of her cousin. She, the bereaved, was about to administer consolation to the bereaver. The light of a pure spirit broke upon his face; her black hair fell back from her pale forehead, as she raised it to look upon him;—and she appeared, in her spiritual beauty like a ministering angel, rather than a mourner sorrowing over the dead. Her lips were parted to speak, when a heavy tread and a rough voice was heard in the passage.

'I am missed,' exclaimed Blair; 'they will intrude even here. Grace, you have given me comfort—me who—' his voice was choked with grief—he grasped her hand with convulsive violence, and left the room.

The morning sun shone in upon the corpse, and Grace Suthgate was still kneeling by it. She knew not that the dawn had broken—she cared not that the flowers were awake, and rejoicing in their dew. The rattle of the wheels which had borne Henry Blair to prison, was still sounding in her ears. She was praying for him, and her entreaties went up to the Most High as a rich incense; for they sprung from a heart, which, like flowers, yielded its sweetness in greater abundance, when it was most severely bruised. She unclosed not her eyes;—and her voice, like tones of broken music, ceased not to ascend, till the promise of strength and faith was vouchsafed to her.

Those who came to prepare for the funeral, looked on the calm brow of the girl, and wondered.

Mr. Suthgate was buried on his own ground, just beneath the precipice, at the back of the house. A large maple over shadowed his grave, and wild roses blossomed thickly about it. One thing was remarkable regarding the funeral—old Mr. Hinman was not present—nor had he been at the house since the morning of its master's death. It was said that he was ill; but, when Nancy returned to nurse him, he reproved her sharply for deserting the poor orphan, and commanded her to return, and not leave her again until she was sent for. In vain, Nancy, who truly loved her father, besought him to allow her to remain with him. 'Grace was calm,' she said, 'and kept about the house all the time, never appearing as if any thing had happened, only once in a while, when some of her father's books or things came in the way; and then she would go about her work, with the tears dropping from her eyes, for an hour at a time; and her smile had a strange kind of a look about it, just as if it would say, oh, how my heart aches!' Old Hinman sat in his great easy chair, with his hands clasped on his knees, and large tears rolling one by one down his cheeks, as Nancy gave this simple description of her friend's suffer-

ing. His daughter looked in his care-worn face, and her heart was pained, for she had never seen him sick before.

'Do let me stay with you, father—Grace does not need me—there is no work to do, for she don't eat scarcely any thing;—and brother James comes night and morning to feed the stock, and take care of things.'

At the mention of his son's name, Mr. Hinman suddenly unlocked his hands, and turned remarkably pale. He half started from his chair, and with trembling lips exclaimed, 'don't name him—I tell you don't name him;—' then suddenly checking himself, he fell back to his seat, adding, 'leave the room Nancy, you've done no harm.'

It would be almost impossible for a person to be left more completely alone, than was Grace Suthgate, by the death of her father. Brought up entirely in his society, living almost alone with him from childhood, she had centered all the earthly affections of her humble and loving heart in his existence. Never, in her whole lifetime, could she remember a harsh word or act coming from him. No second object had found a place in her heart, till the arrival of Henry Blair; and, even then, the love she bore her parent seemed to expand with her capacity to love another. Suddenly, in a moment, as it were, the support of her life, the oak to which she was the vine, was cut down forever, and she, the loved and cherished, became an isolated creature in the wide, wicked world. It is strange that she did not die then—that her heart, so pure and tender, had not broken, in the uprooting of its gentle tendencies. It might, but for him who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. Grace had one earthly hope left, to which she clung with feminine tenacity—that was Henry Blair. She knew that she never could marry him with her father's blood on his hands, however innocent he might be; yet she could hear from him sometimes; and it was a luxury to pity him—to feel that one in the world, who shared her lineage, would remember her with the tenderness she had been wont to inspire. She had no fear for the event of his trial—it was a form, she thought, necessary to his character. To be acquitted publicly by his fellow men, might lessen his own regret; and it gave her comfort to anticipate the time of his release, though she knew that she should see him no more.

While Nancy Hinman was making her unsuccessful visit to her father, James had taken the opportunity to visit Grace, who received him kindly, for he had performed many friendly offices for her since her bereavement. His face wore a show of sympathy, and his manner was even more than commonly soft and insinuating. After some hesitation, he informed her that Henry Blair's

trial would come on in about a week, and inquired if she could mention any witnesses whom she wished to have summoned in his behalf. Grace thanked him, and answered calmly, that she supposed none were necessary to his exculpation, save himself, he being the only person present. Hinman seemed embarrassed. He arose, walked across the room, and returned to his seat.

'I fear,' he said, with some hesitation, 'I fear you misconceive the nature of my evidence—I am sorry to say it would be little in favor of your cousin.'

Grace looked up in astonishment. 'Mr. Hinman,' she said, in a faltering voice, 'you do not mean to say aught more than that my father died by the accidental discharge of his nephew's gun?'

'Miss Suthgate, it grieves me to say that I do. I would give my right hand that I did not—for my knowledge, after what has passed, may be construed into malice. I knew Blair in Boston, but we did not assimilate—he was passionate and haughty—I—but that is unimportant. You know what has passed between us here. I was to blame, perhaps—certain I am that I was rude to you—but, if ever a man deserved to be forgiven for outrage, I—'

Grace who had been growing faint and weak, with apprehension, interrupted him, 'do not, do not torture me, I pray you—but tell me the worst at once.'

'Miss Suthgate,' replied Hinman, solemnly, 'you have not forgotten that I called here on the afternoon of your father's death—you may remember what passed between us, but who can conceive of the bitter disappointment with which I left your presence. I had been out upon the hills alone—I did not feel in the mood for returning home, after your unkind severity, and wandered, I know not how, to the opposite hill. As I stood resting upon my rifle, and indulging in the moody thoughts your rejection had given rise to, it so happened that your father and cousin passed without perceiving me. Blair was eagerly pressing some request that he had previously made—they stopped a few paces from me—I was not in a fit temper for joining them, and remained quiet. I soon learned that Blair had been asking your hand in marriage. Your father was gentle, but steady in his refusal. Blair grew angry, and became more and more peremptory and impetuous in his demand. Your father looked surprised and displeased. At length Blair descended to abusive epithets and harsh language. Your father turned sorrowfully away, and as your cousin followed with fresh arguments, he said aloud, and with some asperity, "Henry Blair ask her not of me, she is my all the sweet copy of her mother—I cannot tear her from home, to place her in the bosom of one who has no command over his own passions." Again, your cousin broke

in with vehement expostulations. His uncle shook off the youth's hand from his arm, exclaiming, with some warmth, "Harry I will listen to you no more—nothing but death can separate me from my child,"—and, as if to avoid further importunity, he hurried down the hill, and stepping upon that rock yonder, was preparing to discharge his gun. Blair was always passionate. Then, his disappointment drove him to fury. Seizing his rifle, he lifted it to his shoulder, exclaiming, "then by your death be it!"—and, before I could prevent the fatal act, he had fired. You know the rest, yet I would add my belief, that the deed of guilt was perpetrated, from the blind fury of the moment, and not from premeditated, malice. I have now told you what my evidence must be before a court of justice.'

Grace made no answer or comment. She was sitting with her elbows on her work-table and her face buried in her hands. Not a sob nor a groan broke from her lips as this proof of crime was laid before her, and she was so still, that it almost seemed that her breathing had stopped. She remained thus immovable and speechless for a time as if stupified with the guilt of her last earthly object of love. Still her mind was busy; all the transactions of the few last weeks flashed through it in quick review. There was one hope.—Hinman hated her cousin—he might have spoken falsely. She resolved to go to the blasted pine and mark the position of the fatal rock—if it was concealed—if a bush or a tree grew between that and the spot where she had seen her cousin standing, she determined to believe in his innocence; if not her heart sickened at the alternative, for then Hinman's story must be true. Without speaking, and heedless that any one was present, she arose and left the house. Hinman saw the direction she was taking, and followed her unnoticed. She walked very slowly, as if fearing too early conviction. She paused a moment at the spot of trampled grass where her father's body had rested, and then went up the hill. She reached the old pine, and turned slowly with her face to the rock. It projected out from the face of the hill, and there was no tree—no bush to obstruct the view—even the crevices and spots of moss were plainly discernible. Her father had been murdered. A pang came over her, as if her heart had been cleft in twain by a sharp knife. Visions of the gallows—the halter—and her cousin the murderer, for a victim flashed through her mind. Her brain reeled, and she would have fallen headlong from the eminence, had not James Hinman sprang from behind a neighboring tree and caught her in his arms.

He sat down on a bare root of the pine and laid her head on his bosom. What were the thoughts swelling that bosom it becoms

us not to say. Certain we are that Grace Suthgate, the pure and beautiful, would never have remained there, had strength been given her to remove from a pillow so polluted. But she heeded not her resting place, for she might have been stretched upon a rack without knowing it, so busy was her sick mind with the thoughts of guilt and death. She turned her head a little, and opened her meek eyes to his, as they were bent on her with an expression which she had never met before. 'Is there no hope, no doubt—must he die?' It was the dove appealing to the serpent.

'Grace Suthgate,' said Hinman, slowly and impressively, 'there is a way—I can save him—marry me and I will.'

A cold shudder crept over the poor girl—she broke feebly from his arms, and sat upright on the ground. 'I would go home,' said she, 'I would be alone.'

'Promise that you will think of what I have said,' replied Hinman, supporting her, as she arose and moved away.

'I will think—I will pray to do right,' she said, shrinking from his arm, and collecting her strength to descend the hill.

[Concluded in our next.]

BIOGRAPHY.

From the Rainbow.

William Gifford.

THE world derives a double advantage from the lives of men who, amid the hardships and difficulties which an humble birth and humbler means throw in their way, rise to intellectual eminence. By their labors they promote the cause of science and learning, and by their examples show how much can be done, with perseverance, by those who with hopes as high and aspirations as ardent, have not their resolution. Such is the life of Gifford.

William Gifford was born in 1775, at Ashburton, in Devonshire. His father had early ruined himself by his wildness and prodigality, and died of a broken-down constitution before he was forty, leaving his family in destitute circumstances. The wife, in less than a twelve-month followed her husband to the grave. 'I was not quite thirteen,' says her son, 'when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world.' His brother was sent to the work house, while he himself was taken to the house of a person named Carlile. Here he attended school about three months, and was beginning to make considerable progress in his studies, when his patron, tired of the expense, resolved to employ him as a ploughboy. An injury, however, which he had received on his breast, some years before, was found to unfit him for this species of labor, and he was at length placed on board a coasting vessel, when little more than thirteen.

In this vessel he remained nearly a year. In this situation he endured many hardships, not the least of which was a deprivation of books, for during the whole period he did not see a single book except the *Coasting Pilot*.

At this period, the reports of his miserable condition which had reached the ears of Carlile, induced him to send for Gifford, and again place him at school. Here he made such progress, especially in arithmetic, his darling study, that he was soon at the head of the school. His situation, however, was not destined to be of long continuance. Carlile concluded to apprentice him to a shoemaker, and he was accordingly bound till he should attain the age of twenty-one. Up to this time, the only book he had read except the bible, was a black-letter romance, called *Parismus and Parismenes*, and a few old magazines. He hated his new profession with a perfect hatred, and made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family. He secretly prosecuted his favorite study at every interval of leisure.—These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use he made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so.

'I possessed at this time,' says he, 'but one book in the world; it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging house. I considered it a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equations, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction; this was precisely what I wanted—but he carefully concealed it from me and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon its hiding place. I sat up for a greater part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one; pen, ink and paper, therefore, were for the most part as completely out of my reach as a crown and a scepter. There was indeed, a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl; for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.'

At last, however, Gifford obtained some alleviation of his extreme penury. He had scarcely, he tells us, known poetry even by name, when some verses, composed by one of his acquaintances, tempted him to try what he could do in the same style, and he succeeded in producing a few rhymes. He was sometimes invited to repeat them and these repetitions were always attended with applause,

and sometimes with favors more substantial; little collections were now and then made, and he often received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine.—But even this resource was soon taken from him. His master, having heard of his verse-making, was so incensed at what he deemed the idleness of the occupation, and especially to some satirical allusions to himself, or his customers, upon which the young poet had unwisely ventured, that he seized upon and carried away all his books and papers, and even prohibited him in the strictest manner from ever again repeating a line of his compositions. This stroke reduced him to utter despair. 'I look back,' he proceeds, on that part of my life which immediately followed this event with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom and savage unsociability; by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor; or if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances which compassion had left me.'

He had spent nearly six years at his uncongenial employment, before any decided prospect of deliverance opened upon him. In the twentieth year of his age, the curiosity of a Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon, was directed towards him by hearing the doggerel repeated which we have before mentioned.—Upon learning his history he set a subscription on foot among his acquaintances, and soon succeeded in procuring a sufficient sum to free Gifford from his apprenticeship and maintain him at school for a few months.

The rest of his story may be quickly told. His patrons were so well pleased with his progress that they renewed their bounty and continued him at school for another year. Stimulated by his love of knowledge and a desire to fulfil the expectations of his friends, he made such astonishing progress that in two years and two months from what he calls the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced to be fit for the University. A long and prosperous life, during which he acquired a distinguished name in the literary world, was the ample compensation for the humiliating and hardships of his youth. He was the Editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' which was placed under his management at its commencement. Mr. Gifford died in London on the 31st of December, 1826, in the 71st year of his age. It is a beautiful circumstance in his history, and one which shows how a generous act sometimes receives a worldly reward, that he left the bulk of his fortune to the son of his first most kind and disinterested patron, Mr. Cookesley.

A. J. R.

Yale College, June, 1836.

MISCELLANY.

From the Edinburgh Literary Gazette.

The Soldier's Return.

THE following beautiful instance of filial affection deserves to be handed down to the latest generation. Some travelers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, and having nothing better to engage our attention, said one of them, we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the windows of our inn, which was opposite to the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had but just passed our window, when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street.

After having saluted him, he took hold of the rammer, struck blows upon the pavement at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at the adventure. 'This work seems to be very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, sir: I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.' 'Where are they, then?' 'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India in the service of the honorable company. The second has likewise enlisted in the hope of rivaling his brother.' The old man paused and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray what has become of the third?'—'Alas! he became security for me; the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he returned to the old man and resumed his discourse. 'And has the oldest—this degenerate son—the captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate; my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he had caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment, a young man, passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive that is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you.' 'Yes my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into

the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempted to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor-looking hut, crying—'Where is he then? where art thou, my dear William? Come to me, come and embrace your mother.' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame.

The scene was now overpowering; the travelers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. Wilson, one of the travelers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him:—'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; it is impossible to express the pleasure we have had in being witness of this tender meeting with your family; we request the favor of you and yours to dinner at the inn.' The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after, his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality.

As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parent's and the travelers. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'to-day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit for idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only a little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord Clifton, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of industry and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father: but the first one, of £200, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I trusted the third to a Scotch gentleman, who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.' After dinner the captain gave his father

£200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of £80, reversable to his two brothers. Beside, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favors of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he showed indeed that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord Clifton.

From the New-York Mirror.

Loneliness.

'Oh, who could inhabit this bleak world alone.'

Though society is composed of a heterogeneous mass of wrecks of the fall—though there is wormwood and gall mixed even in the cup of the purest friend earth can produce—though the tear of affection must often be returned with contumely and scorn; yet who would be debarred the luxury of shedding that tear? who would roll himself in his own shell forever, lest he might meet an adder in his path? He who has much converse with the world, and is constantly coming in contact with the dark side of nature's sad leaf, is in great danger of becoming sullen, suspicious, and even irritable and unyielding. But, 'who would inhabit this bleak world alone?' Who would be blessed with the luxury of a warm, kind heart, in a world of woe, like this, and find no eyes with whom he could weep?

Who would feel the dark waves of sorrow rolling fast and thick over his head, and finding himself alone—hear no kind voice of pity and affection, saying—'I feel for thee?'—It is not good for man to be alone—was once spoken by Him who well knew what was in man and what must be his pathway through this vale of tears—what would be his need of reciprocal feeling and assist him to carry life's heavy burden along the dreary road. There is a little mercy for fallen man even in this wilderness of blasted delights; and there are some of the drops which fall upon us. The mingling of tears with one another—the drying of tears from the face of the comfortless—and the scattering of little benefits in the way of thorns, we have none to pity. There is something in the hard hearted man, that will melt into softness at the kind hand of pity and attention, in the hour of sickness; and I would set that man down as hopeless, who would be unkind to the wife of his youth, she who in the hour of sickness has watched over him in that untiring assiduity, which woman does ever manifest, if he do not in that tender, reflecting hour, resolve he will repair his misdeed by uniform kind-

ness, and fulfil that resolution so long as life be spared. There is a power in kindness, which is next to omnipotent. It is like the resistless waters that overflow all within its reach—that asks not how it will be received, but content with the privilege of bestowing, finds its own reward in the exercise. Then who would be satisfied to grope his passage finds through life like the sloth, which never moves unless impelled by hunger, and meet no object made happier by its existence?

Cure for a Passionate Temper.

A MERCHANT in London had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the question into court, a proceeding the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home.—The merchant hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called aloud from the top of the stairs, 'Tell that rascal I'm not at home.' The Quaker looking up towards him calmly said, 'Well friend; God put thee in a better mind.' The merchant struck with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he wrong. He requested to see him, and acknowledging his error, he said, 'I have one question to ask you—how were you able on various occasions to bear my abuse?' 'Friend,' replied the Quaker, 'I will tell thee: I was naturally as hot and as violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sin, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in passion always speak aloud; and I thought if I controlled my voice, I should suppress my passions. I therefore made it a rule never to suffer my voice above a certain key; and by a careful observance of this rule, I have with the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper.' The Quaker reasoned philosophically, and, the merchant, as every body else may do, was benefited by his example.

Self Forgetfulness.

WE see an anecdote going the rounds, of a man who went to the post office, and forgot his own name. The case is a strong one, but not so strong as one we remember at the east, of a Mrs. Farnum, who was always inquiring the way home when she walked out: asked occasionally to be introduced to her husband; make acquaintance every week or two with her children; and at length, one day, upon returning home from a walk, knocked at her own door, and asked if Mrs. Farnum lived there; 'certainly ma'am,' re-

plied the servant, somewhat thunderstruck—and pray said Madame Farnum, 'is the lady in?' The maid took her bundle and made tracks at once—as to living with a double woman, one half of whom came to inquire for the other—it was more than she could do.

ANECDOTE.—King James I. of England, went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which the king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon, and asked what connexion swearing had with his text. He answered, 'Since your Majesty came out of your way through curiosity, to meet me, I could not in complaisance, do less than go out of mine to meet you.'

DURING the season of heavy rains a farmer's wife sent her maid servant to a neighboring village on an errand, and scolded her on her return for staying so long. 'Indeed,' said the girl, whose clothes were dripping with wet, 'you may be glad to see me at all, for the brook is so swollen that I missed my footing and fell in; and if it had not been for Providence and another woman, I certainly should have been drowned.'

INFIRMITY OF PURPOSE.—The loss of resolute habits is like the loss of his spectacles to a near-sighted man: it implies a loss of the power to recover them.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

H. C. W. Auburn, N. Y. \$2.00; C. H. B. Buffalo, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Hopkinton, N. Y. \$1.00; W. E. C. Ticonderoga, N. Y. \$5.00; S. & S. Boardman, O. \$1.00; W. R. Montalban, Miss. \$10.00; D. A. Arlington, Vt. \$1.00; D. B. Bellows Falls, Vt. \$1.00; C. S. B. New-York, \$1.00.

Notice.

A course of Sunday Evening Lectures, on the most popular Vices of the present Age, will be delivered in the Universalist Church in this city, and be continued through the Winter.

Lecture on next Sunday evening, to Young Men.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday the 25th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Darius Keller to Miss Catharine Bunt, both of this city.

In Milan, Dutchess Co. on Thanksgiving evening, by the Rev. J. H. Van Wagenen, Mr. Derrick Ham, to Miss Eliza Stickie, both of Pine Plains.

In Livingston in the same evening, by the same, Mr. Jonas Row, to Miss Lavina Wey, both of Livingston.

In the same place, on the same evening, by the same, Mr. William J. Best, of Claverack, to Miss Emeline Miller, of the former place.

On Wednesday the 21st inst. at Trinity Church, Athens, by the Rev. Lewis Thibon, Capt. Henry Augustus Green to Miss Emma Northrop, daughter of the late Thomas Stitt, all of Athens.

DIED.

In this city, on the 25th inst. Harriet Newel, youngest child of Charles and Rachel Paul, aged 1 year and 12 days. On the 19th inst. Mrs. Hannah Carter, in the 71st year of her age.

At Athens, on the 12th inst. George Woolsey, Esq. in the 78th year of his age.

In Chatham, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Margaret Van Hoesen, relict of Jacob Van Hoesen, formerly of this city, and sister of Mr. John Hardick, aged 92 years.

In Hillsdale, on the 13th inst. at the residence of his father, Ambrose L. Jordan, second son of Col. William Jordan, in the 26th year of his age.



SELECT POETRY.

From the Token for 1837.

A Name in the Sand.

BY H. F. GOULD.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me!
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this sinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory, or for shame.

From the Magnolia for 1837.

The Imprisoned Knight.

One of the Knights of the crusading army, after being imprisoned for years in a Saracen dungeon, was found expiring by his companions who came to liberate him.

YET once again! it seemed the sweep
Of steeds along my prison side!—
'Twas but the murmurs, low and deep,
Of Ocean's neighboring tide.
Alas! the captive's sea-beat cell
Should know that dreary call full well!

Yet oft, at midnight's hour of dreams,
That vision haunts my fancy still;
The echoing clang of armor seems
Blent with the clarion shrill.
I start o'er Memory's desert track
Visions of life and joy come back.

In battle's foremost ranks again
My plumes to freedom's breezes stream;
I hear the shouts of warlike men,
I mark the war-sword's gleam—
I rush to meet the welcome call—
And coldly grasp my dungeon wall!

And brighter, softer fancies come
To cheer my fevered spirit's gloom—
Sweet visions of a cherished home,
Where flowers of beauty bloom—
And voices young and loved, whose tone
Blessed me ere sorrow yet was known.

Oh! could the wanderer hope once more
Those vales of light and bliss to tread—
Beside that peaceful, shaded shore
To lay his weary head!
To hear those tones of love—and feel
Their freshness to his bosom steal!

With spirit unsubdued I've borne
For years the dungeon and the chain;
And prayed, by exile's anguish worn,
One boon for all my pain:
That I, once free from hostile hand,
Might find a grave in Christian land.
A burning weight is on my brow—
My bosom's weary strife is past—
Yet more I pant for freedom now,
Though life is ebbing fast.
It may not be! this deadly pain
Bites deeper than the captive's chain.
This sudden gleam! my closing eyes
Can scarce endure the unwonted light.
A voice!—it bids the prisoner rise—
I cannot seek the fight!
Mine arms is all too weak to bear
With knightly grasp, the shield or spear.
I know you—comrades!—and my heart
To greet your coming yet would thrill,
But Death, who coldly claims his part,
Bids its last pulse be still!
And ye—for I was ne'er a slave—
Will lay me in a soldier's grave!

'I AM tempted, here, to transcribe one of the noblest poems ever written in our language. It may be familiar to some of my readers, but it is worth a hundred perusals: while to those who have never seen it, I convey a treasure and a talisman—a *memento mori*. The author, HERBERT KNOWLES, wrote it at twilight, in the church-yard of Richmond, England. Shortly afterward, he died and was buried in the flower of his manhood.'—*The Knickerbocker*.

The Dead.

'Methinks it is good to be here: if thou wilt, let us build three tabernacles, one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.'—*The Bible*.

METHINKS it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of ev'ning encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below,
In a dark narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles, a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no!—she forgets
The charm that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothless it held, or the tint that it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride—
To the trappings that dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside:
For here's neither wealth nor adornment allowed
Save the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

Unto Riches! Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who here in their turn have been hid,
Their wealth is all squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures that mirth can afford?
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board;
But the guests are all mute at their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
No flow with the spirit above!
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope nor fear—
Peace, peace, is the watch-word—the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold head, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a scepter that none can disown.
The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, when he rose to the skies!

Fraternity of Man.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.

All wait alike on him whose power
Upholds the life he gave;
The sage within his star-lit tower,
The savage in his cave.

God meets the throngs who pay their vows
In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshipper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.

O! let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more;
In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great! renounce your earth-born pride,
Ye low! your shame and fear;
Live as ye worship, side by side;
Your common claims revere.

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